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NO. 50.

## Sered and Tekah ;

OR, THE TWO DERVISES:  
A PERSIAN TALE.

(Concluded.)

HAVING dismissed his friend, Tekah flew to the chamber, where he found the weeping fair—He sought to sooth the grief which swelled her bosom by the kindest expressions ; proposing to send to her residence for intelligence, requiring in the interval her participation in a trifling repast he had ordered of the most delicious viands.

Her beauty every moment impressed itself deeper into his heart. He had hitherto avoided the female sex, lest his attention should be inclined from the accumulation of wealth ; but all his resolves now melted away, like the dripping honey from the comb. He hoped from the account of Nour Hali, that her lover was slain, and he trembled for the return of his messenger with as much anxiety as herself. He came, but his information was obscure, the hut was without inhabitants, and the blood upon the ground remained.

Nour Hali was inconsolable, she flattered herself that her lover was yet alive, and dreaded the increasing warmth of Tekah, whose expressions exceeded the limits of friendship.

For several days she remained imprisoned in the apartments of the women—She was visited alone by Tekah, and his offers were now urged with all the fervor of love, and the softness of a first and genuine passion. But professions, sentiments, and all the luxuries his situation allowed him to supply, made no impression on an heart already attached, and Tekah saw his offers despised, and his love rejected.

Education alone had fixed a curb upon his rugged passions. He trembled at crime, not from its moral turpitude, but the dread of retribution. Here, however, was a female, reduced by a singular event, totally within his power ; she had rejected his offers of lawful union, and the fever of his mind was not to be allayed with disdain. Lenient measures but increased her opposition, and force he resolved to substitute.

He brooded for several days over this expedient, recoiling from the moment of execution, as he trembled lest the senses of the maid should be impaired by the shock of suspended terror. These considerations changed the medium of his purpose, and substituting a drug, he proposed, when her mind should be absorbed in inanity, to reduce her to his will.

Several days Sered sought in vain for Nour Hali, examining the slave mar-

kets, and prying into every abode, nor was her total seclusion less unaccountable than the disappearance of Nolah, whose body had been conveyed away by some secret agent. Unable to forget the beauty of her person, he spent hours on his terrace, which he traversed with painful agitation. Its situation overlooked the gardens of Tekah, and he beheld, in the cool of the evening, a female figure, whose air and mein reminded him of his loss.—Transfixed to the spot, his eyes alone wandered after her, and his doubts gave place to certainty, when her angelic features were discovered beneath her veil, which the wind agitated at pleasure.

"The wretch," cried Sered, "he confines in his haram the woman on whom my soul delights. He shall return her to my arms, or I will hurl ruin upon his head." He sent instantly to Tekah, requiring his presence upon concerns of importance; but all his arguments could not prevail on him to dismiss Nour Hali, and it was with difficulty Sered restrained himself from violence on the spot.

Tekah left the raving Sered, to determine some plan of vengeance himself. More than ever resolved on securing the reluctant maid, before accident should have power to tear her from his possession; he prepared a sumptuous collation, mingling with her sherbet the drug he had procured, and whose effects soon began to shade in torpor the senses of Nour Hali. A slave, the only female servant in his house, conducted her to her chamber, while Tekah hastened to take possession of his ill obtained prize. The first prayer of midnight was passed, when he advanced to the chamber of the slumbering virgin:—her cheeks were tinged with the vermillion of the rose, and innocence sported on her features. Tekah paused a moment in silent and trembling awe. His scruples and his fears rushed again upon his soul—"What a wretch am I?" muttered he, shall I destroy all the hopes and tranquility of a bosom so serene?—Shall I become a monster, and be blasted by the frown of Omnipotence? The gardens of paradise I could forego; for paradise possesses no sweet more per-

fect than this!—But shall I hazard eternal and inevitable destruction; shall I wake upon me the vengeance of inscrutable and unerring Alla? No, no; it must not be:—triumph, Nour Hali, thy virtue has conquered!"

At this moment a loud shout burst upon his ears. He retired from the chamber in disorder, when rising flames gleamed upon his sight, and cracking fire thundered around him. A slave whom he knew not, rushed towards him—"Save yourself," he cried, "your palace is in flames; follow me." "First," cried Tekah, "duty demands me elsewhere. In yon chamber you will find a valuable casket, preserve it. I depend on your honor." The slave seized the casket, and hastening towards the garden, met Sered in his way; who was already searching the house in pursuit of Nour Hali, hoping to convey her away in the tumult himself had caused, by firing the palace of Tekah.

The slave, who was no other than Nolah, (whom fate had conducted to the spot the moment the flames burst forth,) no sooner perceived his former master in a situation where revenge could be received unwitnessed, than he plunged his dagger into his bosom, and hurled him down the steps, escaping into the garden.

Tekah with difficulty rescued the sleeping maid from the flames; but, having conveyed her to a place of safety he returned to overlook the ruin. The devouring element, agitated by a boisterous wind, had changed its direction, and the palace of Sered meeting its rage, was, in a few moments, levelled to the dust. Its iniquitous master was saved with difficulty from the tumbling roof, and being insensible from his wound and bruises, was conveyed to the house of a neighbor, where, in his delirium, he accused himself of so many crimes, together with the present outrage, that it became necessary to inform the Cadi, who issued a writing of detention, till the affair should be more minutely examined.

The palace of Tekah had suffered only in the womens' apartments; but the slave who had taken the jewels was no

where to be found, and a reward was proclaimed for his recovery ; to which his indiscretion in offering the gems for sale, soon after led.

Sered appealed from the power of the Cadi to an higher tribunal ; and the sultan resolved in person to witness the trial of a man, who had accused himself in the ravings of delirium.

The hall was extremely crowded, but Sered (though laboring under personal derangement) had recovered his reason ; and there being no positive accusation, the sentence of acquittal was about to be pronounced, when the dervises Vishni and Salem entered the hall.

Unmindful of the royal presence, they advanced through the crowd, and placing themselves at the foot of the throne, Salem bowed thrice, and began :

" Sovereign of kings ! Deign to receive instruction from the incidents before you ; and ye people, attend the moral of this transaction, and be wise ! Sered is guilty—because, reason, without a dread of future punishment, is unable to restrain the violence of human passions :—his own vices have brought upon him his present sufferings : already is the work of retribution begun. Tekah is innocent—not from inclination, but the force of education, which induced him to tremble at the consequence of crime. The first virtuous action of his life, arising from purity of intention, was preferring the safety of Nour Hali to his own, to the casket of jewels and this action will be rewarded by the love of that amiable maid :—gratitude already fills her heart. Her lover, the weak minded Nolah, was rescued from death by my care. It was I who sent him to warn Tekah of his danger ; but the temptation was too strong ; he fancied to escape detection, but the eye of Providence was upon him, and while he grasped the gems, he forfeited life and Nour Hali, who, from the moment she learns his perfidy, will despise and detest him—O then, ye people ! and thou, O Sultan ! be assured, that if sometimes justice lifts the sword and poises the scale in this life, much more shall the next be a count-

able for the actions of the present ! —Vishni, who stands there, wrapped in confusion, is an evil genii, who insiduously, and by representing man in false but glittering colors, dazzles and deceives your minds ; believe neither him nor his doctrine." " And how," cried the sultan, " shall we believe thee ?" —" This," cried Salem, his eyes sparkling with heavenly fire, " this is the token of my truth !"

At that moment the hall was illuminated with a blaze of impervious light. The forms of the dervises were lost in air ; and on the spot where Vishni had stood remained only a heap of ashes.

The sultan was so astonished at the incident, that he caused it to be engraved on plates of brass, which hang in the temple of Ispahan to this day.

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For the New-York Weekly Museum

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THOUGHTS ON CONVERSATION.

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Concluded.

It is a subject better calculated for the satirical pen, than for the sober powers of the moralizer.

" In every tale they tell, or false or true,  
Well known or such as no man ever knew,  
They fix attention, heedless of your pain,  
With oaths like rivets drove into the brain."

The constant use of oaths to fill up the blank interstices of thought, or at least to supply the want of more christian-like expression, altho' they add strength, beauty and elegance to the stile of conversation, we are obliged to say the fair sex are therein most miserably deficient, while their more polished beaux employ them to the greatest advantage. They render a man's language so striking and impressive ; they are so universally characteristic of good breeding, that you can by this means alone immediately distinguish a plebian from a cit : for notwithstanding the humble rustic being like the rest of his species, an imitative animal, as soon as he hears a gentleman speak, labors with incessant zeal to copy his overrotundity of manner, yet he never attains to that point of distinction, that grateful delicacy of swearing, which nothing but



urbanity could ever beget or conceive. But to be serious; it must afford a subject of satisfaction to every virtuous mind,—a subject of just exultation as well as satisfaction to the fair, that a practice, so odious, so disgusting in itself, so utterly inconsistent with every idea of virtue and religion, altho' countenanced and even encouraged by those whose example might be supposed to have considerable influence, is nevertheless in their presence (to the honor of the sex be it spoken) obliged to droop and hang its head and shrink into its proper obscurity. Their delicate organs revolt at the idea of being made the channel of such foul discourse. A female swearer is regarded even by the most hardened swearers of the other sex as a *monstrum naturæ*, an aberration from human nature.

It has often been remarked by those who have noticed the turn of colloquial intercourse and the characters engaged, that the worst informed are generally the most positive.

"Their want of light and intellect supplied By sparks absurdity strikes out of pride."

Unaccustomed to think, they know not what it is to reason or to doubt; they have one catalogue of settled notions, which without examination they advance on all subjects and on all occasions, and by frequent repetition of their favorite opinions, being thoroughly persuaded themselves of their truth, they pronounced without hesitation and regard all as fools or madmen who pretend to contradict them. The noisy man is always in the right. His boisterous and vociferated logic lays an embargo on the sentiments of every other person, interdicts all opposition, and thus enable him to come off congratulating himself on his dear bought triumph, while his tortured audience sit in silent indignation. That victory is dear indeed, which is purchased at the expence of friendship and esteem.

Timorous, undistinguished complacence, however is as contemptible as the other extreme is odious. The man

"That would not with a peremptory tone, Assert his nose upon his face his own,"

Who speaks but to echo the senti-

ments of others, instead of gaining the good graces of men (his apparent object) receives as he deserves their scorn and contempt.

A lively negative now and then introduced, especially if accompanied with the charm of modesty, serves to brighten up the beams of conversation and gives to debate an air of sprightliness and vivacity, which alone can render it interesting. Without the well-timed interference of the little particle 'no' discourse would soon flag and the pleasures of the social ring become stale and insipid. There is a certain complaisance however, a mingled tenderness and dignity of contradiction which all should carefully observe, who wish to gain the love as well as the esteem of those with whom they converse. To put modesty out of countenance is not only impolite, but even cruel; it is the characteristic of an unfeeling heart, and when found in the fair, robs beauty herself of half her charms. A propensity to satire, and the habit of lying in wait in order to detect the little slips and mistakes, which it is almost impossible to avoid in conversation, and expose them as a subject of ridicule and merriment to the company, is a charge of which the sex cannot indeed plead innocent. They cherish a peculiar fondness (many of them at least) for what is commonly called repartee. To confound a disputant by a smart, witty reply, they look upon as a just cause for self congratulation. It is the fundamental rule however of all genuine politeness never to suffer your lips to utter an observation, which any person present may reasonably wish had not been made.

P. . . . L. . . .

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To the Editor of the New-York Weekly Museum.

HAVING lately observed in your paper several original communications rather of the sombre hue, I could not help quoting the following exclamation of Goldsmith—"Let idle declaimers mourn over the degeneracy of the age, but in my opinion every age is the same."

Is the world worse than it used to be? or is every thing going to ruin? or what means this general melancholy that seems to pervade the whole? Your best writers have become sorrowful, even the christian is gloomy, and the good man has of late been sad. Few is the number of my years, and as yet short my pilgrimage on earth, for that reason I will not dispute what they tell me that this world is a vale of tears and a wilderness of woe; but we were placed in it by the all-wise dispensations of Providence, and I am certain it is impious to complain. I have seen the modern christian, and I have marked his ways. He points with one hand to the blessed cross of the Redeemer, and with the other he strikes his agitated breast, and loudly declaims against the miseries of this life, not actual miseries but trifling losses and crosses that all must expect; and while he is repining at what is the common lot of man look at his private character and you will see him involv'd in all the common pleasures of the day; you will find him avaricious; he will lose no opportunity of encreasing his worldly riches, and is in fact a lover of the good things of this life. And yet these men will moralize and tell us we must not expect to find happiness on this side of the grave; but believe me their doctrine is folly: the world is good enough if there were not so many of those kind of men to make it miserable. In my opinion, "'tis impious for a good man to be sad." If we meet with a few misfortunes in our journey thro' 'tis no more than what we ought to expect, and it can do us no material injury: "they will help to overthrow the sandy foundation of human errors, but they cannot shake the rock of truth:" let us then be more cheerful, let us (feelingly alive to the actual miseries of those poor wretches who have not where to lay their head) let us jog thro' the world at peace with ourselves and mankind, doing what we believe to be acceptable in the eyes of Heaven, and receiving without repining whatever good or evil it hath created for us. The theory of a life of uninterrupted joy, eternal in the Heavens, is sum'd up in few words:

deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly, before thy God.

ELLA.

#### VARIETY.

"The first step is the only difficulty," is an old proverb. It was oddly applied by a lady: Hearing a canon in company declare "That Saint Piat, after his head was cut off, walked two entire leagues with it in his hand;" and who added with emphasis, "Yes, two entire leagues" "I do not doubt it," she replied: "On such occasions, the first step is the only difficulty."

Lord Orford was present in a large company at dinner, when Bruce, the celebrated traveller, was talking in his usual style of exaggeration. Some one asked him what musical instruments were used in Abyssinia. Bruce hesitated, not being prepared for the question; and at last said, "I think I saw one *tyre* there." George Selwyn, who was one of the party, whispered his next man, "Yes, and there is one less since he left the country."

A man much addicted to drinking, being extremely ill with a fever a consultation was held in his bed-chamber by three physicians, how to "cure the fever, and abate the thirst." "Gentlemen," said he, "I will take half the trouble off your hands; you cure the fever and I will abate the *thirst* myself"

When Dr. Franklin was asked, why those who had acquired more wealth than was sufficient for all the purposes of comfort, should still desire to increase it? he answered, "That avarice was the most natural and common of all the human passions" and illustrated his assertion by giving to a child, then in the room, a large apple. The moment it had taken it, he offered it another, which it also received; and before it could dispose of either, he presented a third: it vainly tried to hold it in its little hands, and at last in a passion of tears, threw itself and the fruit on the floor—"Is not this child the *political baby* who grasps at more than it can enjoy, and will find insatiable desire to terminate in disappointment?"

## Seat of the Muses.

The following is one of the beautiful songs of MOORE, adapted to the Airs in the "Selection of Irish Melodies."

### GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,  
But while fame elates thee,  
Oh ! still remember me.  
When the praise thou meetest,  
To thine ear is sweetest,  
Oh ! then remember me.  
Other arms may press thee,  
Dearer friends caress thee,  
All the joys that bless thee  
Sweeter far may be.  
But when friends are nearest,  
And when joys are dearest,  
Oh ! then remember me.

When, at eve, thou rovest,  
By the star thou lovest,  
Oh ! then remember me.  
Think, when home returning,  
Bright we've seen it burning,  
Oh ! thus remember me.  
Oft as summer closes,  
When thine eye reposes,  
On its ling'ring roses,  
Once so lov'd by thee,  
Think of her who wove them,  
Her who made thee love them,  
Oh ! then remember me.

When around thee dying,  
Autumn's leaves are lying,  
Oh ! then remember me.  
And, at night, when gazing,  
On the gay hearth blazing,  
Oh ! still remember me.  
Then should music stealing,  
All the soul of feeling,  
To thy heart appealing,  
Draw one tear from thee,  
Then let memory bring thee,  
Strains I us'd to sing thee,  
Oh ! then remember me.

From the Mercantile Advertiser.

The following stanzas were presented to us by one who frequently visits Mr. Scudder's American Museum, No. 21 Chatham-st.

NATURE'S *Eternal Forms* are here display'd  
That lived on Earth, in Air, or Ocean's  
vast domain;  
In native youth, and beauty thus array'd,  
They seem, by wond'rous Art ! to live  
again.

*Eternal Forms*, all hail ! In you, mankind  
Behold th' effects of an *Eternal cause*,  
Forever flowing from the *Supreme mind*,  
That stamps on Nature its *eternal laws*.

Beasts, Birds, or Fishes ; Oaks, or Grain, or  
Grass,

Impartial Nature equally preserves,  
Though individuals fall yet still the race,  
Uninjur'd, unimpair'd, in active health sur-  
vives.

As the bright star that glitters at the pole,  
These *forms* when living, their fix'd station  
keep,  
So *Order* ever reign'd throughout the whole—  
Beasts always rang'd the woods, and Fishes  
the great deep.

Nature's epitome, and school of Truth !  
My feet delight to tread thy sacred hall,  
Alike instructive to old age and youth ;  
For wisdom join'd with pleasure, welcomes  
all.

### BEGGARY.

A BALLAD BY MENDICANT BAREBONES.

ALTHO' I'm a beggar so poor,  
I beg that you'll hear my petition ;  
Contribute to add to my store,  
Nor frown on my humble condition.  
Whatever you think of your worth,  
Whatever your pride may suggest :  
We all are but beggars from birth,  
Though some are perhaps better drest.  
The infant, with pitiful tears,  
Intreats with Mamma for the breast ;  
He sucks away all little cares,  
Then sinks on her bosom to rest.  
As soon as he's able to mutter,  
His wants with his stature increase ;  
In his childhood he begs bread and butter,  
In manhood begs pension and place.  
In our youth, we are begging for toys,  
When older we're craving for wealth,  
To obtain it we murder all joys,  
And in age go a begging for health.  
Then since we are beggars alike,  
As by reason is well understood,  
A bargain immediately strike,  
And let us all beg to be good.

### THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

THAT Harp untouched by mortal hands  
Like love each gentle heart commands,  
Awakes the soul, illumines its fires,  
With fancy warms, with thought inspires.

Let the light breeze salute the strings,  
And every note in concert rings ;  
So woman's angel smile must give  
The spell that bids each feeling live.

The breeze flits by—the musics o'er,  
The syren strain allures no more—  
And love's a bright flower as quickly flies,  
It buds, it blossoms, droops and dies.



## ANECDOTES.

An English gentleman, travelling through the county of Kilkenny, came to a ford, and hired a boat to take him across. The water being rather more agitated than was agreeable to him, he asked the boatman, if any person were ever *lost* in the passage.—Never, replied the boatman—my brother was *drowned* here last week, but we *found* him next day.

*A Witness devoured by a Judge!*

Some sailors who had been a voyage to Russia, entered a complaint before Judge Peters, about the badness of the provisions furnished them. While their lawyer was pleading for them, one of the sailors pulled from his pocket a piece of brown bread, and handed it to the judge as a specimen of their fare. The judge finding it not offensive to the smell, ventured to taste it, and while the lawyer continued pleading, he continued eating, until the biscuit was all devoured. At this moment the sailor stepped up, and with a countenance in which was depicted real distress said, "*why you have eaten my best witness*"—"Yes," said the Lawyer, "I have been remarking that the judge has been *swallowing the evidence* as well as the *law*." "Never mind," replied his honor, as if awakened from a dream "I am the better able to *digest your cause*," so saying, he rose and ordering the libel to be dismissed, went home to dinner.—*Phil. paper.*

## FEMALE INGENUITY.

The Parisian ladies sport an *arrow* studded and tipped with diamonds as the ornament of their head dresses. This arrow is no doubt directed against the hearts of their admirers; and indeed the contrivance is ingenious; for if the *shaft* should miss the aim, the diamonds, we should think, are likely to produce a very powerful impression!

## LATE PARIS DRESS.

The wags of Paris say, that the ladies

there show every part of their person but their face, while those beauties that used to be covered are displayed, the face is hid by a thick veil. We suppose that these *elegantes* show so much that they are *ashamed* to show their faces

## VULGAR POLITICIANS.

The tribe of vulgar politicians says Edmund Burke, are the lowest of our species. There is no trade so *vile* and *mechanical*, as *government* in their hands. Virtue is not their habit.—They are out of themselves in any *course* of conduct, recommended only by conscience and glory. A *large, liberal* and *prospective* view of the interest of states, passes with them for romance: *calculators* compute them out of their senses. Jesters and buffoons shame them out of every thing grand and elevated.

## Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY APRIL 15, 1815.

## WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

By the unfortunate shipwreck of the privateer Surprise (as mentioned in our last) it appears that all the crew, except 15 or 20 gained the shore by means of a rope, which they fastened to a plank, which drifted ashore; some inhabitants making it fast, by which they got through the surf one by one.

On Sunday last, arrived the British sloop of war CYANE of 22 32 lb carronades, 2 long 9's on her gun deck, and 10 eighteen pound carronades on her quarter deck and fore-castle, prize to the U. S. frigate Constitution, capt. Stewart. This sloop of war, and another the Levant, was fallen in with on the 28th of February by the Constitution off Madeira, and after an action of 50 minutes, they both struck to the frigate. The Constitution had 4 men killed and 7 wounded. The loss of the sloops we have not learned. During the engagement one was on the bow and the other on the quarter of the Constitution. After the battle, the Constitution with her prizes proceeded to St. Jago one of the Virgin Islands, where the prisoners were landed. Early on the morning of the 8th of March, three heavy ships were discovered standing in shore, on which the Constitution and her two prizes cut and run, the frigate, and Levant steering one course, and the Cyane a contrary one. When the two former were lost sight of, they were about two miles to windward of the fleet in

pursuit, the Constitution, however, shooting ahead of the Levant. Late in the afternoon, a heavy cannonading was heard on board the Cyane in the direction of the above vessels, and the supposition was, that the Levant had been overhauled. From the superior sailing of the Constitution it is hoped she has escaped.—*Gaz.*

The privateer brig Warrior, of 22 guns, arrived at this port yesterday from a long cruise, during which time she made six prizes, and has brought in 320 packages of dry goods, and a large quantity of Spanish dollars taken from the prizes.

*To the Patrons of the New-York Weekly Museum.*

The blessing of peace having opened a prospect of better times, and a wider field, not only for the obtaining but for the dissemination of whatever may be considered entertaining and useful in literature, the Editor of the New-York Weekly Museum, with the advice of many of his friends, contemplates at the end of the present volume, (the 1st of May next) if his patrons approve the plan, to enlarge his paper to 16 in lieu of 8 pages; so as to form two octavo volumes annually of the most valuable and pleasing matter that can be selected from the best publications of Europe or of this country; together with such original communications as may be deemed worthy the public regard—to instil into the minds of youth in particular, under the most pleasing forms, the sterling principles of Religion and Virtue.

The addition of price will be but one dollar, or *Three Dollars* per year, the editor having the right of using the last leaf of each sheet as an advertiser, which, as it will not be paged, need not be bound up with the volume.

The terms of payment in town will be a little varied, which the editor trusts his friends will also comply with, viz to pay one dollar on the 1st of August—one dollar on the 1st of November—and the remaining dollar of the annual subscription on the 1st of Feb. following. Those, whose papers are sent by Mail, to pay in advance as usual. It may not be amiss to put those in mind that the present volume will be completed the 27th inst.

The general moving time being at hand a person will call in a few days for information on this head, and at the same time will present for settlement the small bills that may be due on the Museum. To those who have always been punctual this way, the Editor tenders his most grateful thanks—and those who have not been so, he hopes will remember that "Time is Money," and how much may be lost this way even in the pursuit of a dollar.

Disposed to give every satisfaction in his power, the editor respectfully solicits a continuance of public patronage on the Plan now proposed. Those who may be averse to it will please signify the same to one of the carriers, or leave word at the Museum Printing-Office on or before the 1st of May.

## Nuptial.

### MARRIED.

By the rev Mr. Seixas, Mr. Jacob I. Cohen, to Miss Grace Seixas, daughter of Mr. Benjamin Seixas, of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Labagh, Lieut. Henry R. Warner, of the navy, to Miss Ann Gertrude Hyther, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Spring, Mr. George Cook, jun. of Bridgeport, to Miss Pamela F Smith, daughter of Mr. David Smith.

By the rev. Mr. Woodhull, Mr. Thomas Webster, of this city to Miss Phebe Van Voorhis, of Brooklyn.

By the rev. Mr. Brady, Mr. William Red, merchant, to Miss Mary Peck, of this city.

## Obituary.

### DIED.

After a short illness, in the 47th year of her age, Mrs Winifred Wetmore, wife of Mr. Noah Wetmore, and for many years Matron of the New-York Hospital. By her death that institution has sustained a very serious loss. To her industry, neatness, and unremitting attention, the Hospital owed much of the cleanliness for which it is remarkable—Her peculiar talents for the situation in which she was placed, had justly procured her (we speak from authority) the esteem of the Governors, and endeared her to the patients and others who were committed to her care—Her unaffected and active piety had soothed the afflictions of many of the sufferers under her superintendence, and finally supported her upon the bed of death.

Mr. James Byrne, an old and respectable citizen.

Mrs. Eliza Vernon, wife of Mr. William Vernon, of this city.

Mr. John Paul Del Vecchio, aged 37.

Mr. Thomas T. White, a respectable citizen, found drowned, in Lisenard's Meadow.

Mr. Jeremiah Marshall, aged 64; and

Anthony Clark, aged 36. Belinda Jones, aged 70. Alexander Miller, aged 39. John Harper, aged 32. Sophia Albourn, aged 24. Hannah Gordon, aged 24. Mary Bergardes, aged 47. Ann Pules, aged 45. Sarah Poillon, aged 27. Patty Higgins, aged 27. Stephen W. Cornwell, aged 40. Francis Virtue, aged 65. Hannah Jones, aged 40. Luke Rourke, aged 34. Margaret Vaiel, aged 36. Patrick Mac Laughlin aged 36. Mare Antoine Beutier, aged 46. James Billard, aged 57. Mary Dunn, aged 57. Margaret Brown, aged 72. Phebe Woodbury, aged 25. Thomas Roch, aged 57. Elijah Nelleger, aged 49. Joseph Freeborn, aged 25. Belinda Harden, aged 60. Hetty Jordan, aged 29. — Holmquist, (Sailor) aged 30, and John Wilson, aged 61; together with 16 boys and 6 girls.